

## Waco Evening News

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HILL & WHITE,  
PROPRIETORS.

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WACO, TEXAS, DEC. 22, 1888.

Hadji Sulyman Saba, of Constantinople, who died the other day, was ninety-eight years of age when he took his last wife, and he lived to be 132. He had sixty sons and nine daughters and seven wives and survived them all.

"Old Brains" need not vacate his seat long enough for it to cool looking after his political fences in Texas. The 21st legislature will not place itself on record as the most stupendous humbug of the age by attempting to elect anyone else as his successor.—Itasca Mail.

Fort Worth Gazette:—Riddleberger's threat of resignation has sent a cold chill down the spinal columns of the Republicans. It is not a Republican senate, but a Riddleberger senate, and if the drunken readjuster should resign it will be a Democratic senate until March 4, next.

T. C. S. Hatch, of our town, was struck by lightning last Tuesday, the manner of which was that he held Ticket No. 69704 in the Louisiana Lottery and that number drew the capital prize. Mr. Hatch had a fortieth ticket, and will get \$15,000.—McGregor Observer.

The Gainesville Hesperian says: Take the newspapers of the various cities and towns in Texas and you will find in them a reflex of the community from which they are issued. If the town is active, energetic and enterprising the fact is shown in the advertising columns and in the general appearance of its newspaper. This is inevitable and unfailing.

C. A. Snowden, editor of the Chicago Times since the new management came in a year ago, has retired, and J. J. West, the representative of the syndicate controlling the paper, assumes editorial charge. There will be various changes in the editorial force, but none in the policy of the paper, which will continue independent with Republican leanings. There are rumors that ex-Mayor Harrison intends buying into the paper, but they are without foundation. West represents the Iowa syndicate, which furnished the money to purchase the paper.

**Accuse Greeley and the Collie.**  
In the spring of 1861 I called, at his request, at his house. The servant told me he was sick in bed. I went to his room. A bureau, with a looking glass, stood in the middle. Two or three chairs, a table and a bed furnished the apartment. Greeley, the very picture of despair, groaned with the colic. I had recently returned from Washington, and it was on the subject of my trip he desired to talk. He suffered intensely, and two or three times he jumped from the bed, and in a kind of dog trot moved about the room, stamping and growling, but never forgetting the point of his talk.—Joe Howard in Once a Week.

**Early Settlers' Curious Tales.**  
Some of the early settlers of New England sent home curious accounts of the strange land to their friends, whom they evidently enjoyed hoaxing. "Hereabouts," says one of them, "if you sow barley it comes up oats." Another tells of the "lions that growl about Cape Ann."—A third, in 1683, says that the frogs of Massachusetts "sit up on their breeches a foot high, and some are as big as a child that is a year old." The present frogs of that state are degenerate, but the babies of Massachusetts are now certainly bigger than frogs.—Hobbes-Democrat.

**He Quickly Comforted Her.**  
"It is with unforgotten sorrow and a bleeding heart, Mr. Sampson," said the girl gently, "that I am compelled to say this; but I love another, and tears of sympathy welled into her eyes. "Now don't be so overcome, Miss Clara," he said earnestly. "It is really of no great consequence; I'll be as chipper as a bird in a day or two, and I pains me to see you thus distressed." Then she dried her eyes and became quite herself again.—The Epoch.

**Secret of Conversation.**  
The secret of good talking is to have something to say, say it well, cut it short, and be ready to listen. The best talker who will not listen is a bore and a nuisance, and so the verdict is given against him every time. To know how to be silent in many languages is a great accomplishment possessed by few.—Wheeling Intelligencer.

**A Professional's Advice.**  
Whatever you do don't try to be an elocutionist, for if you do you can never act. Elocution and acting are two entirely distinct and separate branches and have nothing to do with each other. This reciting business is the death of actors.—New York World.

Telephone, De Well for fine candles.

### Summer in Boston.

#### PRETTY GIRLS.

In the summer tennis shoes are worn by girls, instead of gaiters. When at the mountains, or the shore, they sit with student waiters.

#### A FAMILY PARTY.

In the summer, husband, wife and children, with a big lunch basket, go down the harbor for a day's enjoyment, at Nahant.

#### FEET GET OUT OF ROWS.

In the summer, there's a rush to reach the various watering places. And city duns of debtors cannot find the slightest traces.

#### THE EVER TEARS.

In the summer, picnic parties spend the day inylvan lawns. And have their floors destroyed by sudden thunder showers.

#### NOT SURETY FOR HIM.

In the summer bugs and ants and flies become of men the eaters. And 'tis fun to watch the bald man pulverizing the musketeers.

#### ALWAYS THE WAY.

In the summer all the big men get the little bathing dresses. And the little men the big ones, source prolific of distresses.

#### IN EXCESSIVE DESTRUCTION.

In the summer many overcoats, fur trimmed and storm docting. A prey to ravages of moths on "Uncle's" shelves are lying.

#### THE MEXICAN.

In the summer when we get a taste of equatorial weather. Ice cream saloons are places where the girls delight to gather.

—Boston Courier.

### Waco Branch.

St. Louis Republic: Receiver Eddy of the M. K. & T. was in the city yesterday. Work, he said, was being actively pushed on the Waco and Dallas branch, and 15 miles would be completed by the 27th instead of 10, as required by law to preserve the charter. This branch would never have been built, had not over \$325,000 already been expended. In justice to the stockholders it was deemed best not to suffer this money to be lost. There is no demand for the branch. Two points ship 50,000 bales of cotton annually, and the Dallas and Waco branch ought to get a fair portion of the business. "The papers have had us at work projecting immense lines," said Mr. Eddy, laughingly, "and a Dallas reporter declared that he had it from inside authority that we were preparing to build eastward to New Orleans, and westward to the Pacific coast." Mr. Eddy said that the receivers were not contemplating the issue of certificates just yet.

That devout Presbyterian, Mr. Wanamaker, denies that he contributed any money to debauch and corrupt American consciences at the last election. He has boasted of the thousands of dollars he raised for the republican campaign fund, and his friends have urged his appointment to a cabinet position on account of his generosity in giving and his industry in inducing others to give. It has developed since the election that this money was used to debauch consciences in Indiana and New York. Wanamaker has been a most successful business man. He cannot now plead idiocy to clean his skirts of the crimes committed. He knew that the hundreds of thousands of dollars were not to be spent for tickets and other legitimate expenses because no such amount was required, and in coming before the world with such a plea of idiocy he convicts himself plainly—of what? Harrison is said to desire a clean cabinet. He should understand by this time that Wanamaker is not fit material out of which to construct such a cabinet.—Dallas News.

### Common Ground.

**Small Boy—**What's the score?  
**Gentleman** (returning from games)—Six to 1.

**Small Boy—**Favor of Detroit?  
**Gentleman—**Yes.

The small boy smiles and the gentleman smiles in sympathy. What is there remarkable about that conversation? Oh, nothing, except that the conversation actually occurred and the small boy was a ragged street urchin without a cent to bless himself with, while the man was one of Detroit's millionaires. The mutual smile showed that baseball maketh the whole world kin.—Detroit Free Press.

### The Trials of a Drummer.

The country storekeeper carefully examined the samples of cloth while the drummer patiently waited. A customer came, the storekeeper waited on him, then went back to examine the samples, to pull out and untwist the threads. Another customer, and more examination; still another customer, and as the storekeeper began again he said: "Are these samples in style?"

"They were," replied the discouraged drummer, "when you began to look at them, but that was so long ago that I can't answer for them now."—Detroit Free Press.

### A Natural Supposition.

"Papa, what do they have that crows are strapped up there for?" said the small boy in the railway car.

"That, my boy," replied pater familias, sinking hot and frantic into his seat with a sprained wrist and half his thumb nail gone after a three minute wrestle with the car window, "that, I suppose, is for the brakemen to open these blanked windows with."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

**Our Village Industrial Competition.**

Husband (just home from the city)—My angel—Crying!—Whatever's the matter?  
Wife—They've awarded me—prize medal!—(sobbing)—I say sponge cake!  
Husband (soothingly)—And I'm quite sure it is delectable.

Wife (hysterically)—Co—but—I said—twice—for the best specimen of concrete—Fruit.

### Learned It by Ear.

A young lady in this city who teaches a Sunday school class of 8-year-olds recently asked them the question: "What is an altar?" "I know," said one irrepressible; "it's a place where they burn insects."—Augusta (Ga.) Journal.

### NEWS NOTES.

The New York Mail and Express says: Commodore Vanderbilt had eight sons-in-law, and Elliot F. Shepard is not one of them; he belongs to the next younger generation.

Miss E. L. Van Lew, who helped Union prisoners to escape from Libby prison, and who held the position of postmaster at Richmond, Va., for eight years under General Grant, is after the office again.

Last year our imports from Japan, including raw silk, teas, fans, handkerchiefs, bamboo and the like, amounted to nearly \$16,000,000. More than was bought by any other nation.

W. S. Gilbert likes to design the dresses of the women in his plays. He says: "I abhor bustles, improvements, tight lacing and all such abominations and think that woman's dress should fall in natural folds to the figure."

Thirty-five years ago George M. Woodruff of Litchfield, Conn., cut his initials on the limb of an apple tree. They disappeared in time, but when the tree was cut down and split into firewood not long ago, the initials were found four inches from the surface perfectly distinct.

Some of the good women of Hartford, Conn., have organized a dress-making and arithmetic school for young women who want to learn a trade, and also how to take care of their accounts and the like. Commercial arithmetic will be taught, and a skillful instructor will give thirteen lessons of two hours each in dress-making.

A North Georgia man builds an addition to his house every time a daughter is married, in anticipation, he says, of the time when she will bring her husband and children to live with him. If all fathers who have marriageable daughters would do likewise old maids would be as scarce as infidels in heaven.

George Harold of St. Helens Oregon, has had a touch of both kinds of fortune. He won \$7500 in a lottery, and immediately and properly started for Salem to see his sweetheart. He was so anxious to hurry to her that he could not wait for the train to pull up to the station, but jumped from it while it was running at full speed, and broke his arm and banged himself up generally.

Dr. E. E. Wood, of Pittsburg, claims that personal beauty is manufactured in the kitchen; in other words, that people are handsome or unattractive according to what they eat and how it is prepared. He gave a lecture in New York the other day, and the ladies in the audience burst out laughing as soon as he announced his subject. "I see some of the beautiful ladies present are smiling at the imperfect specimen of personal beauty before them," he said apologetically. Dr. Wood is a long, skeletal man, with a triangular face, at the lower angle of which is attached a slim, pointed goatee. Dr. Wood is not beautiful.

A wag perpetrated a huge joke on the negroes of Edwards, Miss. He represented himself as a northern capitalist engaged in the fur and fiddle-string business, and wanted to make contracts for the delivery of cats at \$1.25 apiece. About forty darkies swallowed the bait and forthwith secured the country in quest of felines. Next morning each one put in an appearance with a bag of cats, but the contractor failed to materialize. The contents of the bags were emptied on the streets of Edwards, and now the cat population of that town is several hundred larger than it was previous to the coming of the capitalist "engaged in the fur and fiddle-string business."

The descendants of old Amos Benham, New Haven, are having a lively row among them for the possession of the store teeth of their revered ancestor. Amos, in his old age, went to New York and purchased a full set of false teeth, with gold plates, valued at over \$60. He exhibited them to his friends with much pride, and for years the teeth were the wonder and admiration of the town. At last the old man died and the teeth were buried with him. Not long since Gilbert Benham, a nephew of the deceased, announced that he was going to get those teeth, and last week opened the ground and secured them. The other members of the family are furious, and a lawsuit for the possession of the teeth is the result.

### A Few Days.

Only ten days remain in which city taxes must be paid. All unpaid on January 1st, I am obliged to enter on the delinquent list.

S. B. HUMPHREYS,  
City Collector.

Waco, Dec. 19, 1888.

Housekeepers buying goods for the holidays will consult their own interest by buying of Chas. Rast. He has cords of butter, eggs and chickens, fresh and nice, at bottom prices, being the leader in those lines, and has all the fine Christmas grocery goods, besides a bray new stock, bought since the fire. He is making a special drive on fine fancy candles, of which he has the largest and finest stock in the city, at discount prices.

# HOLIDAYS.

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# HOLIDAYS!

WE STILL HAVE ON  
HAND THE MOST ELA  
BORATE & BEST AS  
SORTED STOCK OF  
CHRISTMAS GOODS IN TEXAS

WACO

EVERYTHING  
BRAND NEW  
—and of the—  
LATEST STYLE

FURNI

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Sideboards by the  
dozen, Parlor and Bed-  
room Furniture of  
EVERY DESCRIPTION.  
Rocking Chairs &  
Fancy Tables, Hall  
Racks by the  
Hundred, and Every-  
thing Calculated to  
Make a Handsome  
Present from  
Fifty cents to \$500.

SPECIAL  
LOW PRICES  
—this—  
MONTH.

COM  
PANY.

Our House will be  
Lighted during the  
Holidays for the be-  
nefit of those who can-  
not call during the  
Day.